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Dobo

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Trying to be still as possible and not breathe. Act like a statue! The two offsprings are playing nearby in the other room and have forgotten I existed. It's a small miracle and one that I will take great joy in while it lasts. It never lasts for long. Right now, though, life is almost bearable. Quietly I count the time as it creeps slowly by. Soon they should be going to bed. Soon it will be just my master I have to contend with.

My life before this one seems so distant. Like a faded memory, that I get to visit when I sleep. I can remember parts of my past life. It feels so far away. I know I wasn't always their dobo. I once had my own life, and I was my own person. I never appreciated the freedom I had back then. Would I have enjoyed it more if I knew someday, I would be trapped in a world I don't belong to and an indentured servant. I will die here. I know this to be true. It will probably be in the hands of the offsprings when playing.

Humans are mere toys, no say, no rights, no nothing. In actuality I was more like a pet that they are fond of. What happens when they grow tired of me? Will I be disposed of? Put down? Crushed like a bug? No master seems to value life. Master has treated me well.

"Dobo!"

Closing my eyes and taking a deep breath, I waited. Waited for them to come and get me.

"Silly Dobo!" one of them snatched me up around the waist and carried me off to their playroom.

The offsprings talked amongst themselves and sat me in a chair at a table. There were other Dobos sitting at the table. All of them looking frayed and over stimulated by man handling. The offsprings were conducting a tea party of sorts. Sitting quietly, I forced a smile on my face because I knew if I did life would be easier on me. Keeping my eyes forward, I tried to focus on the cups in front of me. Out of the corner of my eye, it was Grey. She had tears streaming down her cheeks. Grey was another Dobo, an alien from a small off galaxy and she could communicate by telepathy. At first, we didn't get along and she was suspicious of me. Then one day, she realized I was just as much of a prisoner as she was. I didn't ask to be brought here. I didn't want to be here. There was once a family waiting for me back on Earth. Probably not any longer. Once a person goes missing, they get soon forgotten about. Sure, people will circulate posters and even hunt areas you were last seen in. It's been years since I have been gone. Everyone that ever cared about me has moved on or is dead by now.

My life could be worse, I reminded myself. If my master hadn't rescued me at the market when he did, I'd probably be dead by now. Pulled apart, worked to death, eaten, who knows. I knew humans didn't fare well in most of these alien environments.

Grey was giving off some sad vibes, and then she let us all know she had had enough and couldn't do this anymore.

'No Grey!' I tried to communicate with her, how she was communicating with us. The others were clearly apprehensive and alarmed. The offsprings got up and left the room. Grey grabbed a sharp edge toy off the table and stabbed herself in the neck with it! We were all mortified as the offsprings just re-entered the room to witness it!

"No! Dobo!" one shouted and grabbed Grey up running from the room.

Swallowing hard, I kept my eyes on the cup in front of me. The other young offspring looked at the rest of us, inspecting us for any more outbursts. Swallowing hard I kept my focus on the cup in front of me.

Their mother called. Bedtime! The offsprings came and put us away in our cages. Master decided to let us take a break tonight, after Grey's outburst. Grey's cage was empty next to mine. The lights in the room dimmed. The room was quiet except for us dobos' breathing. I heard Rock snoring loudly. It wasn't long before the mother came in and gently put Grey back in her cage.

Grey looked tired and defeated.

I waited for the mother to leave. I moved over the edge of my cage that was close to Grey's cage. "Are you ok?" I asked Grey quietly when we were alone.

Grey said nothing, but then I felt a wave of despair from her. I knew all too well. I tried to take my life 23 times and each time they brought me back. Each time I forget a little more about who I once was. Before I went missing. Although master means well. We are just pets. Pets that don't want to be here. We don't belong here. I don't belong back on Earth either. I guess we belong nowhere. Or maybe here.